

March 27
1931

Life

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Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

60 E. 42nd St., New York

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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office three weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate (U. S. and Canada), \$5.00 (Foreign, \$6.60.)



Poetical Pete

Most superstitions leave me cold;
They're just a foolish craze;
But thirteen at the table—Gosh!
That's serious, these days.



THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH. Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$5. Perhaps the most important individual book on the war, a clear account of how it was won, by the chief actor; the last part—events of 1918—being absorbing reading. Magnified human psychology, revealing interplay of many minds, positive and negative. "Well, you've got the place you so much wanted", remarked Clemenceau. And American General Bliss: "We have come over here to get ourselves killed; if you want to use us, what are you waiting for?"

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT, by Margaret Wilson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$3. American prize novelist (The Able MacLaughlins) married to British prison official, presents her first-hand story of prison life, intuitively feminine, sane, compassionate but avoiding sentimentality, here puts this problem of punishment up to the world with great force and intelligence. A universal book.

MY STORY, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart. \$3.50. Charmingly intimate revelations, animal, vegetable, mineral, domestic, creative, mother-and-son, husband-and-wife (or vice versa) of her alluring self, by the author of twenty-two novels and eighteen other books. Super woman? Who shall say her nay?

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, by Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50. Short studies of Coolidge, Edison, Ford, Roosevelt, Lenin, Mussolini, by our best biographer, always lucid, human, mature, understanding. This book to be read in contrast with *Gods and Little Fishes*, by Alfred Pearce Dennis (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50) a more popular, superficial treatment of a similar group, also including Coolidge and Wilson. Both agreeable excursions among modern pungent personalities.

THE FORGE, by T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50. Excellent, substantial, genius-touched southern historical character story. Alabama. Civil war. A full meal of 500 pages, worth it up to the level of his former Teetfallow. Not alone a genuine contribution to our social history, but timeless in human qualities.

—Thomas L. Masson.



Character, in tattered arms and massive body, marks the gentle giant of the dyke. So, too, does character endow with friendly life the mellow flavor of

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Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *sting* with an *e* and get a ring.

(2) Scramble *globe* with an *i* and get a way to please people.

(3) Scramble *please* with an *s* and get mistakes.

(4) Scramble *pointers* with a *c* and get a man who looks things over.

(5) Scramble *stare* with a *p* and get a good meal.

(6) Scramble *tavern* with a *d* and get green.

(7) Scramble *cavlar* with an *e* and get greed.

Answers on page 31



DAY OF DAZE

AS he walked briskly down the street toward his office, Binks noticed a derby hat on the sidewalk. It had a peculiarly anchored look.

"April first—All Fools' Day—and rightly named," he muttered. With a contemptuous toe he pushed the hat aside, revealing a cobblestone beneath.

Further down the street he smiled in cynical pity at sight of a dignified woman stooping furtively for a purse and flushing crimson as an unseen string jerked it from beneath her hands.

"It will continue to be a national day as long as there are fools," he told himself, "and there will always be fools."

In front of a theater he paused to study the lobby display. "That Pittsburgh buyer won't be in town until the twenty-second," he mused, "but I'd better get tickets for this show now, and be sure of good seats." He marched to the box office. "Two orchestra seats for the evening of the twenty-second. Preferably in the fourth or fifth row, center."

The very blonde lady behind the grilled window glanced briefly at a filled rack of tickets. "I haven't anything nearer than the thirty-seventh row for that night, sir."

"But the twenty-second is three weeks away," protested Binks. "Surely you must have something better than the thirty-seventh row!"

The blonde lady hid a yawn behind a glistening manicure. "Sorry, sir, that's the best I have in the center section. I can give you two on the side, in the thirty-first."

Binks hesitated. "I'll take the center pair in the thirty-seventh," he said at last.

She picked two cardboards from the rack and slipped them into an envelope. "That'll be \$17.60, sir."

Binks gathered up tickets and change and walked out onto the street. He stepped nonchalantly upon a cluster of postage stamps pasted to the pavement, and a little later chuckled indulgently when an urchin shouted to him: "You got a big tear in your pants, mister!"

"The day dedicated to fools," he soliloquized. "And we'll always have them with us."

—E. B. Crosswhite.

Life



SPRINGTIME

*Daddy, seems to me they's a lot of people
with husbands walking along here.*



*"But after all we only live once."
"Sh!"*

WHAT TO DO WHILE WAITING FOR THE GOLF SEASON

CONSULT the calendar frequently. Study the records of the local weather bureau for information upon which to base a guess as to the likelihood of an early spring. Unearth your old score cards and find out how early you played last year and the years before. Learn the signs of spring and watch for them carefully. Curb your impatience at not seeing any.

Get out your old clubs and examine them carefully. Carry on a debate with yourself on the advisability of getting a new set of wooden clubs. Be sure that the affirmative side wins. Clean and polish your irons, repeating the pro-

cess daily for three weeks. When this has been done, you will hardly recognize your own clubs and, thinking they must belong to someone else, you will feel free—even obligated—to decide to buy a new matched set of irons.

Scrutinize your old golf balls. Try to recall the circumstances surrounding the tragedy of each cut upon them. Convince yourself that you could never have topped so badly as to make that one extra deep cut. Decide that that ball must be one of George Sawyer's. Return it to him some evening and spend a couple of hours arguing about

how badly you are going to beat him this summer.

Try a few practice swings, and then repeat the process a few days later when the stiffness has about gone from your shoulders. Study the golf books and arrive at a few conclusions concerning the things you were doing wrong last season. Determine to correct your weaknesses. Conclude solemnly that your friends will not know you when you play your vastly improved game this season. Exult in this thought.

Go out and buy new clubs and a flock of balls. Work like a beaver to earn money to pay for them. By the time this has been done, the season will have opened.

—John C. Emery.

So Sorry!

A prohibition officer who shot a man says he did not intend to kill him. We understand he pulled the trigger easy.

MADGE—So you're disappointed in your new suitor?

MAE—Yes, father thinks he's just dandy.

A Past Master

"I've always given the public what it wanted," says a movie director. A better plan is to give the public what it wants.

THE ART OF LISTENING

MUCH is said and written about how we should talk. There are schools of expression and schools of oratory. There are grammar books one and two inches in thickness. Meanwhile listening is neglected.

And yet is not the art of being a good listener of more importance than that of being a good talker?

The demand for listeners is greater than the demand for talkers. At a small gathering to which I was invited one evening I discovered six talkers grouped about one listener. As the hour grew late the crowd increased. By midnight the listener tried to tell a man and two women who were sitting in his lap that his foot was asleep, and it developed he was a Norwegian anchovy fisherman who neither spoke nor understood a word of English.

Think of this man! You, too, can achieve popularity.

I shall never forget the thrill when first I found that I could listen. It was during a severe case of bronchitis. I decided, then and there, that I must devote my life to teaching others how to listen.

The secret is to listen without hearing what is being said.

If you are a Norwegian anchovy fisherman it is easily done. But, for the sake of argument, we'll say you are not a Norwegian anchovy fisherman. This makes it more difficult.

YOU have a tendency to say, "Did you ever hear the one about the Irishman in Dublin?" or "Somebody was telling me something today" or "There isn't a word of truth in it and I can prove there isn't" or "Do you want to fight?"

Without realizing it you have ceased being a listener and have become a talker. To be a real listener your mind must be elsewhere. You must look directly at the person who is talking, smile or frown at the proper moment, and even slap the talker on the back or shake hands with him, but you absolutely must not hear what he is saying.

It requires patience, practice, a gen-

eral knowledge of the person to whom you are listening, and a general knowledge of human nature.

We'll say you are listening to a person who tells anecdotes. Look him in the eye and put your mind on something else. Your face may remain expressionless at first. When he starts making gestures you smile a little. When he gets out of his chair and paces the floor waving his arms, increase your smile to a broad grin. When he bends double and slaps his knees, laugh and slap him on the back. Don't hit him too hard.

A PERSON who has read a book about something is easily listened to. Fix your mind on something else and keep it there. Let the expression on your face follow that on the talker's face. If he lifts an eyebrow you lift an eyebrow. If he frowns you frown. If he pounds the table or desk with his fist you do the same. After some practice you'll find you can mimic a talker automatically. You can sit through a retelling of one of Dickens' works, say *Bleak House*, without hearing a word.

This plan is also an excellent one to use on persons who insist on telling you about the shows and movies they have seen.

A SPRINKLING of ejaculations makes your listening more realistic. At first you should use meaningless ones such as "Ah," "Oh" and "Um." As you become more proficient in listening you can throw in at proper intervals "Is that so?" "You don't tell me?" "Aw, get out," "You're fooling" and "Well, well, well." You can use them instinctively and without the slightest idea of what the talker is saying. The broad rule for ejaculations is to use one only when the talker pauses and looks at you intently.

Perhaps the height of listening is the ability to sit through an account of someone's love affairs without hearing a word. There are apt to be pauses, sighs and giggles to take your mind off what you are thinking about.

Don't be discouraged with your listening if you have slight success at first. It is a new art and a difficult one. But it is worth the effort. A good listener is the life of the party.

—Tom Sims.



"Why chile I ustab be a little teeny baby mahself!"
"Now Columbia don't be absurd!"

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

BY BERTON BRALEY

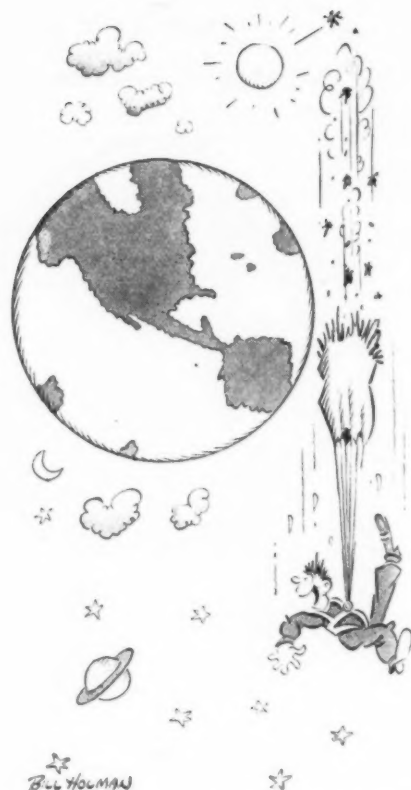
Trot out the legs again, perish the drapery
 "Sweet and old fashioned and modest and quaint,"
 Relic of days when the ladies were "vapory"
 When almost anything caused them to faint.
 Out on the skirts that are "clingly feminine"
 Sweeping the floor of its dust and its dregs again,
 (Garb that the modern girl looks like a lemon in!)
 Trot out the legs again.

Trot out the legs again, country or city legs
 Freely revealing the knee and the calf
 There was a kick in the shapely and pretty legs
 And from the others—we got a good laugh.
 Fashion's whims say that trim limbs are not seeable
 "Modesty" petticoats feminine pegs again,
 Darn all the censors of visions agreeable
 Trot out the legs again.

Trot out the legs again, there was a charm to them
 Give us our coveted legacy back,
 Legs were a treat to us, where was the harm to them?
 Why wrap 'em up in a cluttering sack?
 Mystery? Rubbish! We *know* the machinery
 Nothing can make us dumb ignorant eggs again,
 Shorten the draperies, pep up the scenery,
 Trot out the legs again!



"Why bring that up?"



"Oh boy, what a break! I missed it!!"

Education Needed

"The increasing use of autos is given as the cause of the decrease in shoe sales," says a news item. It seems that the modern baby begins walking at about two years of age and quits at about eighteen.

Miniature Week

A world-wide crusade for a working week of three days is being launched in St. Louis. We fear there are not enough golf courses.

If One Can

After two weeks in Havana it certainly is nice to get back to one's desk and give one's elbow a rest.

What Is This Thing Called Loaf?

Maybe the bakers grew a little careless and spilt some yeast in their bread prices.

Burglars entered a summer home on Long Island and hauled away a radio. They'll wish they hadn't when it is time for the next payment.

THE DAY AT HOME

THE morning awakening. The dull aches. The head cold. The general discomfort. The Spartan spirit. The decision to disregard your ills. The roll out of bed. The weary process of dressing. The even more weary process of shaving. The increasingly rotten feeling. The longing for the inviting bed. The feeling of what's-the-use. The decision to not go to the office today. The self-assurance that it is dangerous to go out when you feel as you do. The clear conscience. The quick undressing. The leap into bed. The peace. The pleasant warmth. The happiness.

The appearance of your wife, wondering why you are not ready for breakfast. The appearance of your children, wide-eyed at the sight of Daddy lying in bed at this late hour. The explanations. The description of your ills. The weak voice. The occasional cough. The snuffle. The expressions of sympathy. The solicitous inquiries as to your

needs. The reply that you want only peace and quiet. The weary sinking back upon your pillow. The question as to whether or not you want any breakfast. The quick reply that you don't feel like eating a thing. The sudden pang of hunger. The changed mind. The request for a few morsels of food, such as cereal, toast, eggs, bacon, coffee, and perhaps some grapefruit.

THE luxury of breakfast in bed. The realization that this is indeed the life. The arrival of the younger child with the morning paper. The expansive mood. The opinion that a man owes it to himself to take a day off like this once in a while. The arrival of the older child with cigarettes and matches. The lighting of a cigarette. The discovery that it doesn't taste quite right. The subsequent puffs. The realization that it doesn't taste right at all. The regretful discard of the cigarette. The feeling that there are some things about being

slightly ill which might be improved.

The departure of the youngsters for school. The departure of your wife for some engagement. The departure of the maid on her day out. The moment of absolute quiet.

THE ringing telephone. The question of whether or not to answer it. The moment of indecision. The several moments of indecision. The continued ringing of the telephone bell. The fear that it may be something important. The leap out of bed. The dash down the stairs. The breathless "Hello!" The continued buzz of the bell. The jiggled receiver. The "Hello, hellos!" The muttered curses. The voice of the operator, saying, "Operator!" The disclosure to her that your bell was ringing. The assurance that the party who called you has gone.

The worried return to bed. The dismissal of the telephone call from your mind. The self-assurance that, if it was important, they will call again. The settling down to sleep. The wakefulness. The attempt to make your mind a blank. The failure to do so. The inability to stop thinking about all the things you have no desire to think about. The turning and tossing.

THE renewed ringing of the telephone bell. The attempted leap out of bed. The tangle with the covers. The bursting of your bonds. The dash downstairs. The "Hello!" The woman's voice. The request for your wife. The reply that she is out. The regrets. The good-byes. The return to your bed.

The ringing of the doorbell. The determined disregard. The self-assurance that you will be darned if you are going to answer any more bells. The distinct feeling of being harassed. The ringing of the telephone. The mental consignment of the telephone to the nethermost pit. The continued ringing of the doorbell. The continued ringing of the telephone. The complete departure of your peace of mind. The inability to stand it any longer.

The roll out of bed. The putting on of your clothes. The return of your aches and pains. The renewed activity of the cold in your head. The conviction that you are going to get yourself good and sick if you go outdoors. The conviction that even that would be better than lying at home listening to the doorbell and telephone ringing with no one else to answer them.

The note for your wife. The departure for your office. The slammed door.

—John C. Emery.

L I F E



"If he sells the play, I get the leading part."



BUTLER (former army cook): *"Come and get it before we t'row it away!"*

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

MARCH 7—By the first post a letter from F. E. Bredouw of Kansas City, Missouri, throwing the following light on my recent rhetorical bewilderment as to why the natives of primitive and tropical countries do not band together and beat up the small number of white overlords who impress them into such menial service: "How many patients are there here?" asked the lady visitor at the insane asylum. "About a thousand," answered the guide. "And only a few guards! Aren't you afraid they will organize a revolt some day and overpower you?" "Madam," said the guide, "if any two of these nuts could agree on anything, they wouldn't be here." Lay late, pondering many matters, in especial my gradually developed conviction that writing is really a curious and dangerous form of exhibitionism, and my grave doubts if anyone with worth while things to say embarks on a literary career save by chance, or keeps to it save by an impalement on the wheel of necessity. And Lord! there are countless individuals who should no more be trusted with a typewriter than with a gun, and far too much of their work seems to get into this house in the form of fiction. I am waxing extremely weary of authors whose outpourings reviewers warn us not to read aloud in mixed groups, and when I read on a jacket that a minor poet's efforts are "an almost constant refrain of Ego, scheming, desirous, aggressive, inhibited, self-conscious, thwarted," as I did this morning, the passer-by in the Avenue below who is struck on the pate with a book descending from the upper air will find the culprit crouching in the linen cupboard of Apartment 14 E. Up and did on my black crepe, and off to Effie Goings for a game of contract with Bert Watt and Mistresses Yerkes and Kellogg, and had a merry time, albeit I did lose four dollars, and Bert confided how her daughter, who is a bride, had carefully strained the bones out of some broth without putting a bowl in which to catch the drippings under the sieve.

MARCH 8—A fine present of mushroom soup come from C. Dodds, who had been given a gallon of it by the kindly chef of an acquaintance, so I did have some of it for breakfast, and then Katie in again to tell me that "one of them big seegars" was passing overhead, but I did not trouble to extricate myself from the bedclothing and the

architecture of my wicker tray, and shocked by my lethargy, too, for I have long had a faith in curiosity like that of the old Athenians as the most effective counter-irritant to the dullness and asperities of existence. Reading in some press matter on Charley Towne's new book, "This New York of Mine," I did discover that Charley likes old hats and has about twenty of them hanging around, and it did mind me that I have even more, and that a woman's enthusiasm for outmoded headgear is not as

keen as a man's, so up and made short shrift of my millinery stock, even bringing myself at last to part with the forty dollar model which I bought in haste four years ago and wore but once, and Anna's delight in acquiring it was so eloquent and boundless that I was obliged to caution her never to wear it in my presence. But I did hold on to the sailor which I have worn intermittently for twelve years, forasmuch as the only suitable specimens of its type are seldom found outside of Boston; and I have been at such pains to match my favorite Chanel earring that I have even thought seriously of asking the radio stations to broadcast the loss of its mate.



"I think this is sorta nice. . . . Solid gold, of course."

THE DEVOTEE OF GERTRUDE STEIN SEEKS A DIVORCE

JUDGE: How long have you been married to the defendant?

PLAINTIFF: I've been married to the brute ten years and I've been then ten years been married ten years, being ten years I've been married and in ways of being married ten years every day.

JUDGE: You're saying that you have been married ten years?

PLAINTIFF: But it seems like twenty, your honor, it being quite regular in seeming like twenty and in ways of being twenty it seems like twenty your honor and little things seem like twenty it seems your honor then like twenty.

JUDGE: You consider that you made a mistake in your marriage?

PLAINTIFF: That's a mild way of putting it, being then a mild way and being mild it was then a way of putting it being quite regular in being mild.

JUDGE: Just what is your complaint against your husband?

PLAINTIFF: He made no effort, your honor, he made absolutely no effort and being then in ways of making no effort he learned many little things in ways of making no effort being regular in making no effort he then used these many little things he learned in ways of making no effort the same amount he made no effort your honor in ways of making absolutely no effort to understand me.

—E. B. Crosswhite.



"You must come over an' hear me snore sometime, lady!"

Great Minds at Work



Most Americans are not sufficiently civilized to be entrusted with strong drink.

—Sir William W'ayland.

Personally, I feel that dunking, if one must dunk, should be confined to doughnuts.

—Mayor James J. Walker.

At times when I begin to broadcast I feel almost like a surgeon beginning to operate.

—Rudy Vallée.

Our banking system is not yet perfect.

—Calvin Coolidge.

"When I insult a man, I do not do it covertly. I do not strike below the belt or in the back, but at his face. I do not insult men by inference, insinuation, innuendo, suggestion, circumlocution or periphrasis."

—Senator Ashurst of Arizona.

Destruction is more important than building.

—Benjamin De Casseres.

Butler will be the next President of the United States.

—Senator Heflin.

You Americans are literary snobs.

—J. B. Priestley.



SINBAD.
Stepping Stones.



"Chick Berger takes what he wants, see!"

An editorial points out that barbers are the first to feel the return to prosperity. If it is true we wish they would quit putting hair tonic in their shaving lather.

A tomb opened near Cairo disclosed broken crockery, two gold lotus flowers and a mummy wearing a gold crown. Evidently there was quite a party.

We understand the detectives in Chicago are disguising themselves as policemen so the crooks won't suspect them.



"What is the secret of your success, Mr. Cappelstump?"

APRIL FIRST

I started for the office
With Miss April at her best
In a gossamer of sunlight
That a lazy breeze caressed;
I hurried to the trolley,
But I paused to take a look,
When upon the sidewalk lying
I espied a pocketbook;
With a bit of hesitation,
Circumspect and calmly cool,
I reached for it. Did I get it?
Sure as shootin'! APRIL FOOL!

The pocketbook was bulging
With a nifty lot of cash,
But I saw my car approaching,
So I had to make a dash
For the corner where I get it,
And I had a block to go,
So there was no time for lagging,
I would have you good folks know;
I am no more of a sprinter
Than a corrugated spool.
Did I make that speeding trolley?
You said something! APRIL FOOL!

The conductor grinned a greeting,
And I settled in a seat
With a strange lass who had watched me,
As I legged it down the street;
There was something in her manner
That caused me to lose my head;
"Will you dine with me this evening?"
I leaned close to her and said;
Though her eyes were brightly flashing
Like the sunlight in a pool,
Did she scorn my invitation?
No she didn't! APRIL FOOL!

Edgar Daniel Kramer.

Hear! Hear!

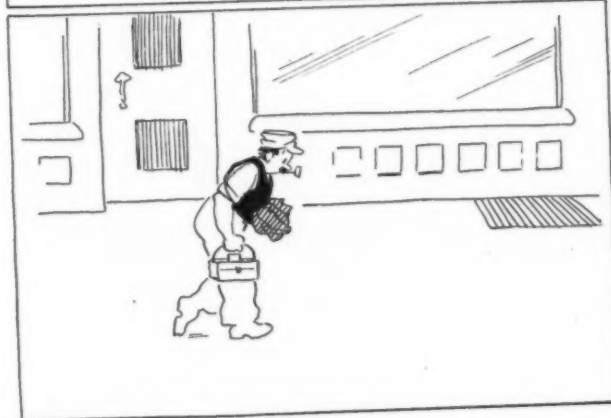
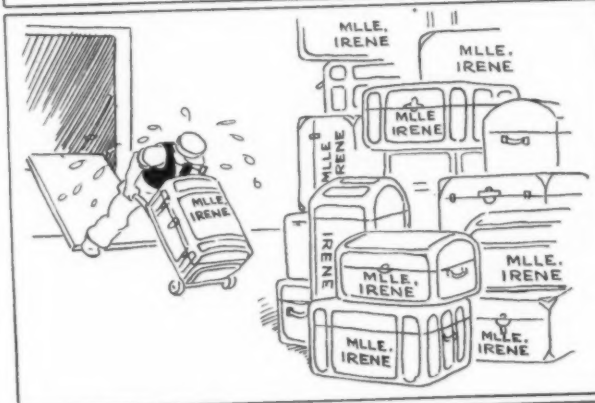
And some of those cops probably
took graft because they didn't "no,
no," better.

Doubt

"They tell me you're a thorough-
going skeptic."
"Oh, I'm not so sure about that."

But Not Long Ones

"The general reaction of the coun-
try at the final adjournment of Con-
gress," says Mr. Coolidge, "was one
of relief." Mr. Coolidge, you'll notice,
is still wearing his heavy understatement.





"Promise not to marry me if I get delirious."

Lightning struck a Long Island club house and stunned several golfers who were sitting in the locker room talking. We trust this will serve as a warning to fishermen, also.

The better stores are showing formal pajamas for teas and dances. Luckily the old nightshirt retired before it was made public.



"Well if it isn't Mr. Fiditch, our old Magistrate!"

The Nicest Things About The Week-End Visit

The few moments when your hostess isn't pairing you with someone for tennis.

The rumor that the corpulent guest of honor doesn't dance.

Relief at finding that your dancing pumps have been packed.

Relief at taking them off.

The rain that makes the picnic impossible.

Discovery by the coloratura soprano that she has forgotten to bring her music.

Being dummy five successive times at bridge.

Monday.

—E. B. Crosswhite.



NURSE: 'My, but you drink a lot of water.

Events Leading Up To The Pscopathic Ward

The 'phone ringing madly 'tween Midnight and One!
Get dressed and come over! We're having more fun!
They're anxious to meet you . . . the craziest gang . . .
Oh, smack the receiver a thunderous bang!

The 'phone ringing madly at Three in the morning!
A voice chanting gaily . . . with no other warning . . .
Here's a Limerick that's dirty . . . I'll put on the chap
Who wrote it . . . he's crazy! So I take the rap!

The 'phone ringing *ditto* an hour or so after . . .
A shouted hello! A great deal of laughter . . .
Is this the police? A drunken excuse me,
I jus' los' a drink! This done to amuse me!

The 'phone *ditto ditto* at half after Six!
A voice ranting sadly . . . it's a heck of a fix!
I can't find the key to my blankety flat . . .
I'm coming right over! And thara is that!

The *ditto dit ditto* at somewhere 'bout Eight!
I scream out hello! My voice filled with hate . . .
J. Dunc of Dunc, Dunc, Dunc is calling B. Bone!
Oh yeah? So I carefully shatter the phone!

Dit ditto dit ditto a trifle past Nine!
The Telephone Company is fixing the line . . .
You'll get no more *service* today . . . so they said . . .
So, Doctor, you *must* leave this bell on my head!

—E. L.



Life Looks About

Mr. Justice Holmes

JUSTICE HOLMES' 90th birthday fell on Sunday, March 8th. His court was not sitting that day and he had some time to attend to it. He did not take a more active part in the celebration than he could help, but in response to greetings by radio from Chief Justice Hughes and others, he spoke, himself, a few words on that instrument for the first time.

Few words but good ones: "The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voices of friends and to say to oneself: The work is done. But just as one says that, the answer comes: 'The race is over, but the work never is done while the power to work remains. The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only coming to rest. It cannot be, while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is to living.'"

He might have gone on to say that to die is to function in another plane. That is all there is to dying. But he did not quite say that. Whether he thinks so or not one does not know. It has been observed that persons born in Boston, and used to living there or in that neighborhood, are somewhat less enthusiastic than most other persons about the prospect of finding a location in the invisible world that will compare favorably with the one they have left. Now Justice Holmes is a Boston product, and though he has lived a large part of his life in Washington, he has always gone back to Beverly for his summers, and he may share this feeling that is credited to Bostonians.

NEVERTHELESS to many persons observing and considering him he will seem less like a man approaching the end of life than of one nearing its

true beginning. It surely does not belong to the economy of nature that what he knows and is should not continue to function in duties suited to it. If one speaks of him as the first Citizen of the United States there will be a very general agreement with that designation. Chief Justice Hughes in speaking of him quoted aptly and happily Justice Holmes' own words, thirty years ago, about his course in the law. "One part of the universe" he said, "yields the same teaching as any other if it is only mastered. The difference between the great way of taking things and the small, between philosophy and gossip, is only the difference between realizing the part as a part of the whole, and looking at it in its isolation as if it really stood apart. I care not very much for the form if in some way one has learned that he cannot set himself against the universe as a rival god, to criticize it, or to shake his fist at the skies, but that his meaning is its meaning, his only worth as a part of it, as a humble instrument of the universal power.

"It seems to me that this is the key to intellectual salvation, as the key to happiness is to accept a like faith in one's heart, and to be, not merely a necessary, but a willing instrument in working out the inscrutable end."

Of course that is religion, and Chief Justice Hughes offered it as the confession of faith of Mr. Justice Holmes.

NOT many tall heads seem just now to rise above the crowd anywhere, but here is one, a product of the 19th century, growing leisurely, steadily, without accident or serious misadventure, till now it tops the forest. We should be thankful for Justice Holmes and if we need to be proud of anything just now, we may very well be proud of him.

One thing his commentators may omit to mention,—that he is such a gay spirit. He never has had need to veil himself in solemnity.

Seabury and Crain

AT this writing (mind the step!) Governor Roosevelt has named Judge Seabury to investigate the efficiency of District Attorney Crain as a

prosecutor of crimes in New York. Judge Crain is one of our most respectable men, a good lawyer and a good character, but he is past seventy years old, a fact that was noted when Tammany put him up for election.

Everybody knows that the office of District Attorney in New York is a fighting office, calling for a man in the full vigor of his fighting powers. A District Attorney should be between 35 and 50 years old. Wheeler Peckham was once District Attorney in New York, worked himself out in that office, quit, rested, thought himself restored and some years later filled the office again. He kept it only a few days because he found he could not stand the racket of it.

That Tammany made Judge Crain District Attorney because it did not want too much done is not unlikely. It takes immense driving vigor to clean up bad messes and men do not have that after seventy. They ought to be wiser than at forty, but they cannot punch so hard.

Cardinal Hayes in Texas

IT was interesting that Cardinal Hayes, going to Texas for his health, should have a reception made for him, in which the Governor of Texas and the Mayor of San Antonio took part. That was hardly respectful to the Ku Klux, but it was well done, and, after all, when the Cardinal gets down in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande he comes, as we all know, into an old-time Roman Catholic country, saturated with Spanish piety that still gives form to its architecture and religion to the descendants of a large proportion of its inhabitants.

Russia

THE news that Mr. Stimson is taking thought about our relations to Russia, with intent to improve them, is interesting. Possibly they may be improved without becoming too intimate or too political. Russia is a big fact and an enormous problem, eminently fit to receive careful attention from other minds besides that of Representative Hamilton Fish.

—E. S. Martin.





RACE SURVIVES.



"How's the lights, buddy?"



FIRST TWIN: Tain't so much you looking like me—it's me looking like you that's hard luck.

EXPRESS: NO STOPS

Mrs. Muggles, house-keeper and goodness-knows-what-not, of Muggles's Suburban House, stood in the door-way, and glanced anxiously up the road. Her husband, and host of the said establishment, was nowhere in sight, and the good lady knew that unless he showed up within ten minutes, he would miss the 5:33 from the city, bearing the only guests the House expected for the week-end—a couple only lately from the hands of the minister.

Five agonizing minutes passed, and with a sigh, Mrs. Muggles heard the crunch of the wagon wheels on the frosty ground of the front yard. Soon Mr. Muggles walked into what was generously called the lobby of Suburban House. He seemed to have forgotten his duty, for his first act was to pull off his boots, preparatory to taking his ease in front of the fire.

Mrs. Muggles regarded him with a look of stern reproach. "Look here!" she said. "Ain't you fergittin' where you've got to go?"

"Durn me, ef I didn't near!" said her spouse, jumping up in a hurry. "Reckon I orter go arter them honey-mooners, eh?"

"Yes!" she snapped. "Git hitched and drive down and meet that twain!"

—Dana L. Cotie.

Thoughts While Writing April Verse

April now her mantle flings—

(Writing this stuff hurts)

Gently o'er the budding things—

(Flowers or just nerts?)

Redolent of mandrake root—

(What the devil's that?)

April presses summer's suit—

(Why not coat and hat?)

Sounding now grim winter's knell—

(That knell's growing old)

Make me subject to your spell—

(Also to a cold.)

Pretty April, bride of May,—

(That's antique, but stet!)

April reigns supreme today—

(April rain's all wet!)

—Carroll Carroll.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

They're Building Fires Under The Mule!

IN the process of taking one on the chin—and a mighty sock it was—Al Smith almost frightened the embattled Southern Democracy to death at the recent Democratic National Committee meeting. Meaning the one that they are so gleefully calling the "Raskob fiasco" around Republican headquarters. Meaning also the one which so aroused the McBrides and that Peabody lady whose Kansas upbringing was so shocked at the sinful wetness of Back Bay, in dear old Boston, that she fled, like William Jennings Bryan, to Florida in search of righteousness.

All Al said, in starting this reign of terror, was: "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it."

But the question had been: "Would you consider taking the Democratic nomination for President if the convention should reach a deadlock next year?"

Oh, boy, how that worried them!

It may be that Al did not really mean it. Maybe he didn't figure out the consequences when he let that fall, just two days before the meeting called by his pal Raskob in the hope of committing the Democratic National Committee to the anti-prohibition cause. But how it did repercuss!

Al was very sore at the time, unless he was doing a superb job of acting. His old pal Franklin Roosevelt, on whom he had called to run for governor back in 1928 to help the national ticket, had pulled a fast one. Just as Al and Raskob were planning to have the Democratic National Committee discard Andrew J. Volstead as one of its patron saints, the Roosevelt-controlled New York State Committee tipped over the apple cart. It solemnly warned the national body not to put itself on record on prohibition at this time!

MR. SMITH told the reporters rather bitterly that it was none of the state committee's business to advise the national committee. And he fairly snarled when denying that he had been advised what the state committee had planned to do.

But did the Southern Democrats figure that Al and his old friend Franklin were just having a spat, or that perhaps Roosevelt was shrewdly using a row with Smith to ingratiate himself in the Southland? They did not! But how they rushed to the Roosevelt bandwagon! Jim Farley, chairman of this Roosevelt

Committee and generalissimo of the Roosevelt forces at the parley, fairly beamed as he counted up his pledges.

The net result of the whole thing is that Roosevelt is so far out in front now, in the race for the Democratic nomination, that, with 15 months to go, if he is not murdered by the combined fire of every other candidate and his brother in the meantime it will be a political miracle! The long and short of it is that the Southern Democrats in great numbers rushed over to the Roosevelt bandwagon in order to head off Al Smith. And all the time they were protesting against the rum interests!

It is rather strange how much more wicked the rum interests are made to appear when Roman Catholicism is added. Mabel Willebrandt should note this and never allow a Catholic on her grape concentrate board of directors!

SO whether Roosevelt gets killed off



"Well, doggone, so that's why she doesn't like me!"

in the meantime or not, it takes no soothsayer to realize that, if the Southern Democrats become accustomed to thinking about Roosevelt—who advocated the repeal of the 18th amendment in his last campaign—without using an anesthetic, they could turn to some other Wet in June of next year. Not to Smith, of course, for that increases the alcoholic content by bringing in the Vatican, but to some other Wet.

Incidentally there has been only one Dry candidate for the Democratic nomination—and political dry is meant of course—whose name has been mentioned sufficiently to attract general notice. That is Senator Joe Robinson, of Arkansas. And Joe made it mighty hard for himself by what he did at that meeting. When he screamed out, with

all the oratorical passion for which he is so justly famous, that "You cannot nail the skull and cross bones of an outlawed trade to the mast head of Democracy," he surely put a few stones in his own path to election, if not to the nomination.

RECOVERING his good humor, as he always does quickly after completing a speech, Joe himself was forced to laugh when Mary Norton, the Jersey City Congresswoman, asked him if he had changed his views since he ran on the ticket with Al Smith in 1928.

Of course, if the Democratic convention is going bone dry, candidates and platform, Joe ought to have put himself in the running. It was a rattling good speech.

But there has leaked out no reference to any leaders pledging themselves as a result to the Arkansas senator. While Roosevelt, the wet, gathered a lot of booty under this same skull and cross bones.

Altogether, it is rather difficult to figure why there should be so much joy over this "reenactment of Madison Square Garden" at Republican headquarters. Mr. Raskob may have backed away from his plan to have the committee go on record. But the fight is way out in the open. And a

careful watch did not disclose any move to unseat Mr. Raskob as national chairman. Much less to "bail the Democratic Party out" of its debt to the same Mr. Raskob.

APPARENTLY he is to continue providing the sinews of war—and by the same token directing the activities of its press bureau, the same body, by the way, that played such havoc with the tariff bill. And as his main objective is to make the Democratic Party go all the way wet in the next campaign he can afford to smile a little.

And if his good friend Al, whom many now say cannot be nominated himself, can veto anyone he does not approve, why the smile might become a grin!

HOW TO BE IMMORTAL

DO you yearn to be a poet? No minor poet, of course, but an important, modernist one with a fancy way of writing, significant is the

word, and a fancier way of being discovered by the fancy critics, the Greeks had a word for them, and being printed in the fancy magazines, the newsdealers



"And I bear he's not really their little boy at all; they've just adapted him!"

A theatrical producer who was secretly married kept quiet about it until the first anniversary. With the theatrical business the way it is a good rule is not to say anything until you are sure.

Then there's the riveter who took up chess, just to get out of a rut.

A news item says the shoes in which one Broadway star dances cost one hundred dollars a pair. Oh well, that isn't such an expensive costume.

The fishing season at President Hoover's Rapidan camp opens April 1. It is an appropriate date.

have a word for them, and read by all the important people?

Well, it's easy. You take things and arrange them. Take anything. Take for example this advertisement from a New York department store. It doesn't have to be a New York department store. One in Buffalo will do, or Baton Rouge. What's the matter with Baton Rouge? It's a nice place, isn't it? Well, here's the ad.

STRAW HATS

\$5

Shiny and rough—baku and sisol—hats with bandeau brims, bicornes and tricornes—Agnes-type turbans. Second floor, north building.

Can you arrange it? Of course you can. Can you make a poem? Of course you can. What's a good title? Business. That's a good word. All right, write your poem. Here's a hint for you, use lower case. It's compulsory. Ready? Go!

business!

straw hats!

five dollars

shiny and rough

baku and sisol

hats with bandeau brims

bicornes and tricornes

agnes-type turbans

second floor

north building

that's america!

Well, there you are. You did it. You're a poet, see? A modernist. I always knew you had it in you.

W. W. Scott

The Long Arm of the Law

Among the first passengers were Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, who is now associated with an aviation corporation as Washington counsel. Mrs. Willebrandt carried a quart bottle of water taken from the Atlantic ocean, which she poured into the Pacific upon arrival in Kansas City.

Quincy (Ill.) Paper.

Life at Home



OMAHA, NEB.—Dozens of golf balls in plain sight of their owners and totally out of reach are exasperating golfers of the Fontanelle Park Municipal Course. The balls are on the frozen surface of the park lake, the ice of which is too thin to bear even the weight of small boys.

THOMASVILLE, GA.—An aged negress applied to a bank for a loan of \$5.00. The bank official explained that she would have to have a reliable endorser, or put up collateral. A few hours later she returned with a bright ten-dollar gold piece which was accepted as collateral, and the loan was made.

NAUGATUCK, CONN.—A group of girls here make their living walking in the rain—not singing. They don the latest novelty in rubber foot-wear and tramp about all day to test them in adverse conditions.

LOS ANGELES—It was announced that Bilgray's Tropic Bar in Colon, Panama, is advertising a Hallelujah Cocktail, in honor of Aimee Semple McPherson's recent visit to the establishment. The drink is composed of grape brandy, Vermouth, rum and sugar. Aimee's mother sees in it "the hand of the evil one."

ELMIRA, N. Y.—The superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory compared the mentality of his prisoners today with those of fifteen years ago. The old-timers were much superior.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.—The citizens of Haverstraw are torn between pride and shame when it was discovered that there were more automobiles than bath tubs owned in the village.

DENVER, COLO.—Someone left a window open in the House of Representatives, allowing a number of pigeons to get in. When the members convened the birds created so much disturbance that legislative business was abandoned until the House electrician had shot them all with his trusty air-rifle.

BALTIMORE, MD.—When George Washington entertained a party of eight at the Fountain Inn in 1781, he paid four times as much for grog,

EUREKA, CALIF.—Jonas Grant, a nineteen-year-old Indian, burned down a barn in the hope that he would be sent to San Quentin Prison and given an opportunity to play on the convict baseball team.

Grant said he had been unable to find a place on the Redwood Creek (Calif.) nine and had heard that the San Quentin team was one of the best in the State.

VALLEJO, CAL.—C. N. Allen, contractor, tried to make a telephone call. He got the wrong number.

An hour later a posse arrested Allen on his front porch and took his rifle away. He was shooting down main trunk lines, had hit four and put nine circuits out of commission.

CHICAGO—If you have a receding chin, don't worry about it. It may be a social asset.

Mrs. Maude Bouldin, who, as a social secretary, has made a study of chins, said so.

"The man," she said, "with the receding chin is quick on the conversation. He has charm, he listens well and his repartee cannot be excelled."

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—The Alabama Legislature has taken note of the "short pint" being sold by bootleggers and by resolution has called upon the Governor to appoint a commission to "take

necessary steps to remedy matters." The resolution says that the "bootleggers of this state have taken advantage of a helpless and financially embarrassed public," and directed that copies be forwarded to the "recognized bootleggers" with the admonition that a full, standard sixteen-ounce pint must be served. Representative Massey Edgar introduced the resolution and Speaker Tunsdell referred it to the Temperance Committee.



"You don't know what that woman used to mean to me."

punch and wines as he did for food. The receipt shows that the drinks came to five pounds, twelve shillings, and sixpence, and the food to one pound, four shillings.

TORONTO—The Ontario Liberal Party, the bulwark of the dry movement, has eliminated the dry plank from its platform. Instead of working for "prohibition," they would work for "temperance," they announced.

*"He didn't know
it was loaded."*



*"Hurrah—a letter from
my boy, fellows, with a ten
spot in it!"*

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Cimarron"

"CIMARRON" is certain to be one of the boxoffice hits of the year. It is well cast, splendidly directed and costumed with an attention to detail that gives the film an added air of realism. After which we will proceed with the usual business of finding something to kick about, regardless of the fact that we enjoyed the picture and feel sure that you will.

Because of the large circulation that Edna Ferber's novel has had, a comparison of the book and picture should be of general interest . . . especially so since the one outstanding inconsistency in the film is the result of not following Miss Ferber's original idea about her hero. The action opens in 1889. *Yancey Cravat* (Richard Dix) is a romantic figure who is prominently associated with the early development of Oklahoma. In drawing her picture of this character, Miss Ferber presented a man whose vices and irregularities of character were stressed even more than his virtues—a man whose daring, restless spirit and love of heroics overshadowed his love for his wife and family. It is, of course, common knowledge that most of us like our heroes to be strong, respectable fellows who are always doing right by somebody. *Yancey Cravat*, as created by Miss Ferber, was a man who was respected, not because of his virtues, but in spite of his faults.

Knowing the weakness of movie audiences for virtuous heroes—especially Western heroes—Director Wesley Ruggles, or somebody equally important, decided to clean up *Yancey's* character and make him more the movie ideal. As a result it is difficult to reconcile some of his actions, particularly his penchant for leaving his wife and children for long periods during which he does not even have the consideration to communicate with them. This idealizing also makes it difficult to believe that such a man could fall to the low estate in which we find him at the conclusion of the film. All of which is important because the Ferber story is as much a study of the character of *Yancey Cravat* as it is a tale of the discovery of oil in Oklahoma. Despite the length of the picture (it runs a few minutes over two hours as compared with the average feature film which runs about an hour and a half) the individual performances are sufficiently

interesting to command close attention. Mr. Dix's portrayal of *Cravat* is by far the best thing he has done in the talkies; Irene Dunne is capable as the wife; and George Stone gives a really great performance as the little Jewish peddler who becomes a powerful merchant in the face of discouraging circumstances. One of the most impressive scenes is the one during which George, tantalized by roughnecks, cowers against some posts which cast the shadow of the cross in front of him . . . a fine bit of dramatics that is apt to work one up into an Edna fervor. That girl certainly knows her values.

Edna May Oliver is amusing as the high-hat Mrs. Tracy Wyatt, and Roscoe Ates is so funny as the stammering Jesse Rickey that they make him stop stammering in the last part of the film. Stanley Fields, Nance O'Neil and Estelle Taylor also deserve mention. The name of the little colored boy who plays the rôle of Isaiah is not included in the press sheet which we have here, but he does his part so well that we will look up his name and give him suitable mention later. The death of this boy in the film is much more dramatic than the end accorded him in the Ferber novel.

LIFE does not share the opinion that "Cimarron" is one of the screen masterpieces of all times, but we do recommend it as one exceptionally meritorious film that should not be missed.

"Dance Fools Dance"

THIS movie was reviewed by the writer in the Jefferson Theatre at St. Augustine, Florida. It is never very pleasant to work while you are on a vacation, but we found the job particularly interesting in this case—partly because of the satisfactory sound which we heard in this small-town theatre, and more particularly because of the opinions we heard expressed later.

The enthusiasm with which Joan Crawford's work is received in St. Augustine is more pronounced than the visible reactions we have noted in New York audiences, but this enthusiasm is tempered with a surprisingly comprehensive idea as to the merit of the story-value of the film. We make this point because it supports our often repeated opinion that the small-town movie fan appreciates story-value much

more than film producers seem to realize. For instance—

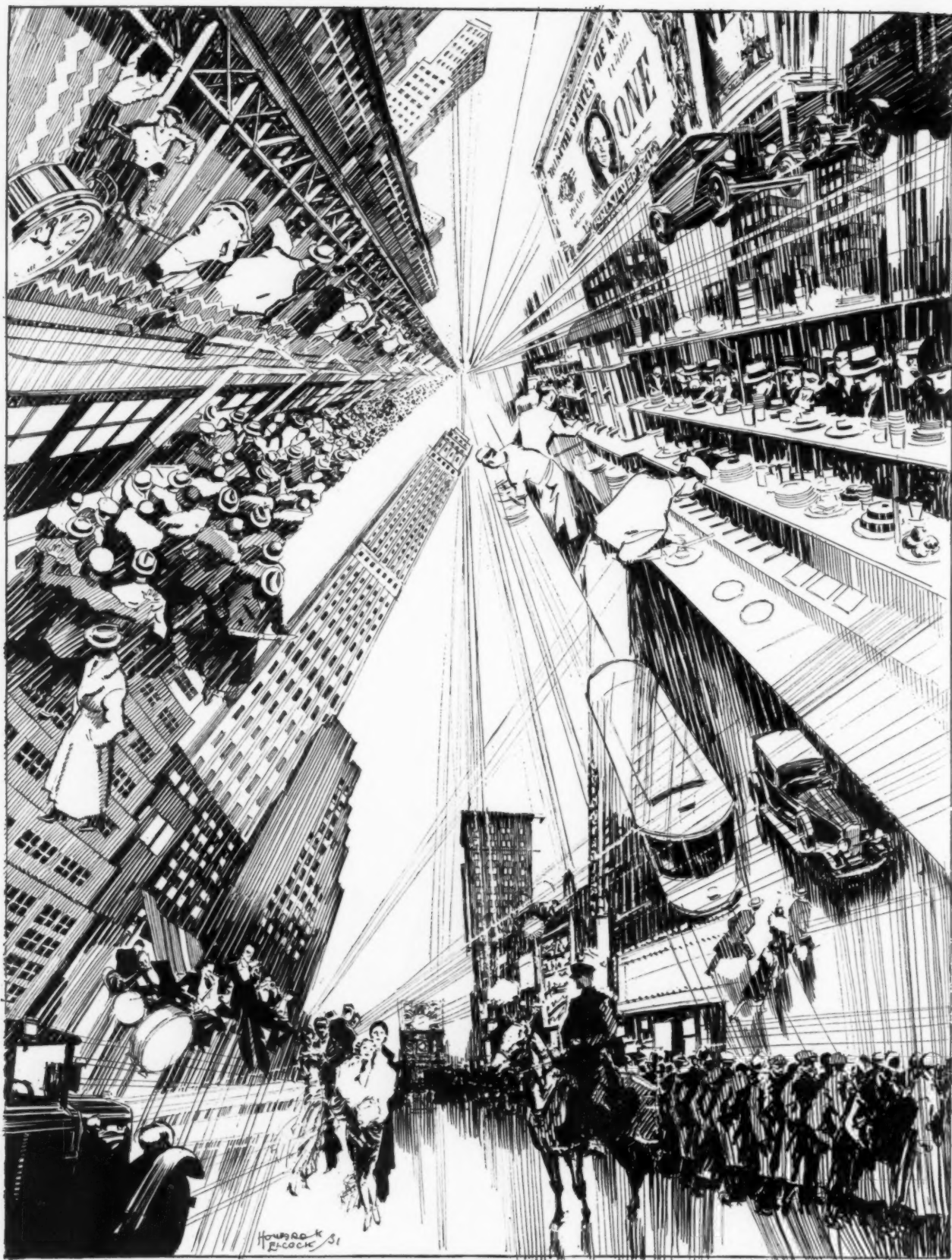
In this film Joan, who is a cub reporter, is given the difficult and highly dangerous assignment of securing the confidence of a notorious gangster in order to find out who murdered one of her fellow reporters. She discovers that the murderer is her brother, but in a scene that follows, the brother (who was forced to do the killing by the gangster) and gangster engage in a gun fight which results in the death of both men. Instead of letting her brother's secret die with him, Joan feels constrained to call up her paper and tell them that he was the murderer about whom she was sent to get information . . . and then she resigns her job. After the show we heard a number of the good people of St. Augustine asking each other why Joan should expose her dead brother's past, thereby leaving a blot on his memory and exposing herself to unfair public opinion. If she were a veteran news reporter who felt duty bound to report the story (as George Bancroft does in "Scandal Sheet") it might be understandable, but she is just a newcomer to the game.

THIS inconsistency, and the lack of interesting dialog, would mark the film as just another movie except for the excellent performances of Miss Crawford and Clark Gable. Miss Crawford has developed a screen personality that gives color to whatever she does. When she dances, which she does twice in this film, she does it very well, and when it comes to wearing clothes (or not wearing them) she has few equals among the important female cinema figures.

Mr. Gable is unusually convincing as a gangster of the more ree-fined type . . . the sort of gunman who plays soft sweet music on the piano while his head man is relating a wholesale killing . . . and the gals are certain to like him. We heard plenty of them say so. In addition to his looks, Mr. Gable is an accomplished actor.

"Dance Fools Dance" will entertain the majority of movie patrons . . . in fact we are quite certain that the average audience will enjoy watching the film a great deal more than Miss Crawford enjoyed making it.

(And if you are a bridge player you will be a bit astonished in a scene in which a man picks up a hand in which only one card has to be re-arranged.)



New York—an impression by the English artist, Mr. Howard Elcock

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

Give Me Yesterday

THE most successful case of adult infantilism on record is A. A. Milne's. He can be a great big man upon occasion, as when he dips into the depths of crime and fishes forth a readable mystery tale or a dramatic thriller, and those whimsical pieces which have done so well on Broadway are proof, in part, of his realization, however unwilling, that he is living in a world of men and women who will go just so far, and no further, with things like "Winnie the Pooh." But he has a better time, I'm sure, when he writes for Christopher Robin, and his publishers' reports on "When We Were Very Young" must have been a satisfactory justification of his felicity. The title of his new play, "Give Me Yesterday," is a faintly imperative statement of his inclination to be a little boy again, but his development of its theme is the weakest argument which he could have put forward, because he has made no less a personage than a Chancellor of the Exchequer long for his past, after presenting him in smart surroundings amongst Mayfairish characters, which and whom, respectively, nine tenths of the audience would have given their eye teeth to enjoy and know. It is all very well for a man who has been caught short in the market or had bad news from his doctor or seen his daughter marry a scallawag to sentimentalize his old-oaken-bucket days, but for a Cabinet Minister with the world at his feet to indulge in such maundering doesn't sit so well with gentlemen who remember how they hated to wash their ears and go to dancing school. Sometimes a woman who has just lost her best beau or gained fifty pounds is

..... prone to hark

Back to the days when she was sweet sixteen,

Afraid to go home in the dark,

With next to nothing in her bean,

but the average citizen is glad to have lived through the tortures of adolescence and reached a point where he can stay out as late as he likes and choose his own wearing apparel. I don't think Mr. Milne's mild phobia is complimentary to his wife, his publishers, or to his contemporary neighbors and club cronies. "Give Me Yesterday," in spite of the excellent and sympathetic production which Charles Hopkins has given it, and of the kindly notice it re-

ceived from most of the critics, is not a play which I can recommend wholeheartedly.

The Admirable Crichton

THE most interesting things to me about the revival of "The Admirable Crichton" were the audience, the entr'acte music, and the presence of Mr. William Gillette in the stage box. The audience was made up largely of persons who had seen the original production in 1903 and had come to see its second blooming. Such a proceeding is always a mistake. The music came from an orchestra which was in accord, an astonishing adjunct to a strictly dramatic entertainment. Mr. Gillette was there, according to the program, to read us after the final curtain a message from Sir James Barrie, and the least he or the management could have done, it seems to me, would have been to typewrite it, so that he would not have lost his place when he interrupted himself, thereby making the carriage customers nervous. The point of the message, if any, was the indication of an ending which would have permitted the detestable Lady Mary to marry her butler, an ending which would go much bigger in 1931 than in 1903. The participation of the entire cast in the settling of this momentous whimsy gave an amateur finish in complete accordance with their period clothes.

A gentleman with whom I was talking before the curtain rose remarked, apropos of a mutual acquaintance, "If you're not quite old enough to be venerable, you're just old enough to be stuffy," and it strikes me that his pronouncement is as good a criticism as any of "The Admirable Crichton." It seemed to creak on hinges which were beyond repair. Although most of us understand its sociological premise to be fantasy, I am confident that very few households will send their butlers to see it. I have long known that my servants have more sense than I have, for otherwise I shouldn't employ them. (Just an honest admission from a woman who is afraid to light a gas stove, and who, in making it, is wandering a bit from the principles of criticism.) I also think I know who would do the cooking if I were shipwrecked on a desert island in the circumstances of the play, and I am damned certain who would be reading the only book in the bunch. Nothing can make me believe that Mr. Walter Hampden would have

embarked on this revival if it hadn't been a swell one-man play, and if he and his associates accuse me of giving it an irreverent notice, my answer is that the only criticism of it which would interest me would be signed "William Gillette."

As Husbands Go

MR. ATKINSON of the *Times*, writing about "As Husbands Go," said of Miss Rachel Crothers something which most dramatists would rather have said of them than take Quebec on the morrow. He mentioned her wisdom, her serenity, her sense of humour, and her sympathy with ordinary people. Nothing much more than that could be done for Shakespeare. Miss Crothers deserves this high praise. In "As Husbands Go," she has given us the liveliest manifestation, to date, of those cardinal qualities, and I, for one, after sitting through a series of dramatic atrocities, feel like thanking her mother, her father, and John Golden. The theme is the second blooming of two attractive middle-aged women who become so spellbound by what they think is the glamour of Paris that they return to America completely determined to reorganize their lives along romantic lines. The older one, a widow, must return to face the wrath and criticism of a debutante daughter. The younger, who has been the pink of propriety in Dubuque and its suburban circles, is prepared to renounce a hitherto satisfactory spouse for the English poet who has awakened her to depths in her nature of which she had not dreamed until she met him, etc., etc. We have all seen such things start in Paris, and have also seen them finish there. Few of us have been able to follow them to the hilarious conclusion which Miss Crothers provides. The appearance of the chosen cavaliers upon the Iowan scene establishes that incongruity which is the basic essence of humour, and the ladies do not find things as easy and natural as they seemed in France. Catherine Doucet, who gives a superb performance as the nitwit widow, tangles their web of deception into knots which bring howls from the audience, but the young poet finds the husband more to his taste than he finds his inamorata, and the cementing of their friendship over several bottles of Scotch, which also meets with approval, foreshadows the satisfactory conclusion for which we had trusted the author all along.

The Family Album



"Hope springs eternal."

Reprinted from LIFE, Dec. 4, 1924.



THE CARTON-A-WEEK SMOKER* EXPLAINED

**"Because
it's the
Clean Taste"**

"It's not only because of Spud's cooler smoke," he said, "it's also on account of Spud's cleaner taste. No matter if you smoke two packs a day, Spuds always leave your mouth clean and moist-cool and comfortable. That's great for a heavy smoker like me..."

Heavy smoker or light smoker, ladies and gentlemen... Spud's cooler, cleaner smoke is proving itself to new thousands of smokers daily... showing them what it means to be mouth-happy... the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 20c (U. S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

GIVE UP MERE

"HABIT"



smoke
for pleasure

IS smoking just a habit with you? Do you grab a quick smoke many times a day? If you do, you're missing the real pleasure of good smoking.

A pipe smoker is a calm smoker . . . a cool smoker . . . a contented smoker. He smokes for pleasure.

Perhaps you've never known the contentment that comes from a pipe and — Edgeworth. Get a tin of Edgeworth from your dealer, and settle down to smoke for pleasure.

Then you'll understand why pipe smoking never becomes just a habit. You'll understand why so many men say, "A pipe and Edgeworth is the only smoke for me." You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or send the coupon below for a special sample packet of Edgeworth—free.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



CLIP COUPON—

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample.
I'll try it in a good pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

L-68

LIFE IN SOCIETY



TREADS WATER FOR CHARITY.

Mr. Lamar Copley Fletner bringing out the backgammon board in the recent tournament held by Mr. and Mrs. Rollin A. Snowden in their swimming pool at Mi-Bandanna.

Mrs. J. Borden Milliman arrived from Pinehurst yesterday and is at the *Herald-Tribune* to find out where she's going next.

Mrs. H. McK. Sheridan gave a luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton in honor of Lord Kipling, who arrived on the Olympic—and it was din, din, din.

Mr. Clarence T. Thorndyke, Jr., of Scranton, Pa., is at the Vanderbilt, Ma., is at the Weylin.

Hugh Christian has arrived in Nassau on his yacht, Blear II, Alfred P. Cologne on his yacht, Peach Pit, and R. A. Dier on his uppers, busted.

It was announced today that the marriage that had been arranged between Miss Patience Bryan of New York and Captain, the Hon. Winston Cropshire of London has been cancelled and returned, marked "Insufficient Funds."

Mrs. Oscar Douglas gave a large luncheon at the Patio Marguery today. Guests were clad in pajamas. After a dinner dance in bathing suits they retired for the night clad in tennis costume.

Members of the North Shore colonies and their guests, almost 500 altogether, skated yesterday on the lake of the Beaver Dam Sports Club at Mill Neck. On the ice were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gray, Mr. James W. Boynton and a dozen bottles of Mumm's Extra Dry.

—Jack Cluett.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

As an experiment, lozenges were provided for the audience at a Berlin theatre. The result was such quiet that you could hear a cough drop.

—Passing Show.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

First Aid to Success

Untidy nails have spelled failure for many. Keep yours clean and trim with a Gem Nail Clipper, the handy pocket manicurist. Sold by drug and cutlery stores.

Gem 50c Gem Junior 35c

The H. C. COOK Co.
7 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers



COSTLY!

This Noble Experiment

EXPERIMENTS, noble or ignoble, cost money.

The Noble Experiment of Prohibition is now in its thirteenth year. Do you realize how much it is costing you?

Each quarter you gleefully sign a check made out to the Collector of Internal Revenue. At this time you have a perfect right to throw out your chest and exclaim, "I, too, am paying for this Noble Experiment".

Uncle Sam is not footing the bill for the spies,

gunboats, inspectors, secret police and the army of office holders and investigators who are involved in the Great Experiment. There is no Uncle Sam any more than there is a Santa Claus. Uncle Sam pays for nothing. He is only a figure of speech. But the checks you sign to pay for the magnificent Experiment are no figures of speech. It is you who are Uncle Sam—or Santa Claus. It is your money which is making the mare go.

Federal enforcement last year cost . . .	\$ 40,000,000.
The loss in Federal Revenue was . . .	861,000,000.
The loss in State, City and County Revenue was . . .	50,000,000.
Making a Grand Total of . . .	\$951,000,000.

And \$951,000,000 amounts to just 87% of the Personal Income Tax collected for 1929

THE BOOTLEGGERS are collecting probably three billion dollars a year.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent every year to corrupt those sworn to enforce the law. And you, my friend, carry the bag. Did you think of this when you made out your last income tax check? Give a thought to THE CRUSADERS now!

HELP! Organized effort launched the Noble Experiment. It will be through organized efforts that this greatest and most pernicious of all rackets eventually will be destroyed.

THE CRUSADERS are fighting your fight. Fighting costs money. Money is the sinews of war. We need funds to fight for repeal of the 18th Amendment and return of Liquor Control to the States. We also need your moral support.



Write for our brief report of the work done in 1930.

The Crusaders

INC.

Headquarters, Eastern Division

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100 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

Enclosed please find check for \$..... covering my contribution to THE CRUSADERS.

SIGNATURE.....
Print Name Here

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

Mail to JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Treasurer Eastern District
100 East 42nd Street, New York City

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JESSE SWEETSER
GENE TUNNEY

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.

X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.

(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$3.85 (*)—Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast. Last year's Pulitzer play.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious, biting, satire of Hollywood and the talkies. With Jean Dixon and George Kaufman, an author.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (*)—Zoë Akins' lively comedy of the home-life of three ex-chorines.

MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Little*. \$3.85 (*X)—The sad and charming whimsy of a heroine unable to grow old. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Guy Standing.

ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.85 (*)—Edgar Wallace laughs up his sleeve at our Chicago gangsters. Real melodrama with Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.

GRAND HOTEL. *National*. \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. With Henry Hull and Eugénie Leonovich.

TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. (X)—Mr. Belasco's diverting comedy finds l'amour essential for a prima donna.

THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85 (*)—Heartily recommended comedy with Mary Boland as the feather-brained lady with an overly developed—if inaccurate—imagination for past romance.

OH PROMISE ME! *Royale*. \$3.85 (*)—Raucous farce on this business of breach-of-promise suits.

THE TRUTH GAME. *Barrimore*. \$3.85 (*)—Ivor Novello—author and leading man—playfully pursues Phoebe Foster while Billie Burke and Viola Tree pursue their respective interests.

FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort*. \$3.85 (*)—Thrilling, melodramatic attack on the scandal-mongering tabloids with Arthur Byron as the managing editor.

PHILIP GOES FORTH. *Biltmore*. \$3.85 (*)—Mild, clean and amusing comedy of a young man with ambitions to be a playwright.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller*. \$3.85 (X)—Philip Barry's play wherein a woman is made 'complete' through motherhood. With Zita Johann and Herbert Marshall.

GREEN GROW THE LILACS. *Guild*. \$3.00 (X)—Lusty doings in Oklahoma in the early 1900's. With Helen Westley, June Walker and Franchot Tone.

AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.85 (*)—Splendid bit of acting by Judith Anderson as the lady of doubtful identity in Pirandello's confusing play.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square*. \$3.85 (X)—Noel Coward's care-free comedy in which

he and Gertrude Lawrence find love and furniture-breaking synonymous.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire*. \$3.85 (*)—Katharine Cornell in a worth-while play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

DOCTOR X. *Hudson*. \$3.00 (*)—Mystery thriller guaranteeing a murder every time the lights go out, a killer on the loose and a scientific device for trapping him. Good hokum.

A WOMAN DENIED. *Ritz*. \$3.00 (*)—Dull, lurid drama with Mary Nash as the artist's model men hate and desire.

GIVE ME YESTERDAY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$3.85 (*)—Mr. Milne's whimsical play with Louis Calhern as the English statesman with longings for the good old days of his youth.

AS HUSBANDS GO. *John Golden*. \$3.85 (*)—Amusing comedy by Rachel Crothers on the subject of husbands—those brought from Europe, those in Dubuque and new ones versus old ones.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. *Apollo*. \$3.85—Channing Pollock's first play in three years with Mary Philips, Helen Flint and James Bell.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON. *New Amsterdam*. \$3.35 (*)—Revival of the Barrie play in which William Gillette scored. This time with Walter Hampden in title rôle.

NAPI. *Longacre*. \$3.85—A comedy from the German in which Ernest Truex has a great time in the rôle of Napoleon.

GRAY SHADOW. *New Yorker*. \$3.00—Ah—another mystery play—and with Claude Cooper.

MIRACLE AT VERDUN. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—A play of Viennese origin dealing with the resurrection of soldiers who fought and were killed in the World War.

MUSICAL

FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$5.00—Joe Cook and all gadgets in a fast-moving show.

THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Best revue in town with that great trio—Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen.

GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman—blue—and the cowboy quartette ('Bidin' My Time').

THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Sophisticated, smart revue with the maximum of stars. Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Frances Williams; Hope Williams and Waring's Pennsylvanians.

MEET MY SISTER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Continental importation with charming atmosphere when you're in a restful mood. With Bettina Hall and George Grossmith.

YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$4.40—Collegiate pep and Lou Holtz as the jew boy earning his way with a variety of rackets and jokes.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART. *Broadhurst*. \$5.50—A tuneful crack at Hollywood with Jack Whiting and Jeanne Aubert. Sophisticated!

THE GANG'S ALL HERE. *Imperial*. \$5.50—Wherein there's too much material and too many stars with confusing results. Among those present—Zelma O'Neal, Ted Healy, Gina Malo, Ruth Tester, Hal LeRoy, etc.

THE WONDER BAR. *Bayer*. \$5.50—Al Jolson as master of ceremonies in this continental importation wherein the theatre is a Parisian cabaret and the drama unfolds in the course of the evening's entertainment.

RECORDS

COLUMBIA

"BY THE RIVER SAINTE MARIE"—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. Featuring a sax, then a trumpet in an appealing melody. *and*

"RUNNING BETWEEN THE RAINDROPS"—Foxtrot with lots of notes and words. Same orchestra.

"YOU'RE THE ONE I CARE FOR"—Ever since this number came out we've been waiting for Ruth Etting to record it. *and*

"LOVE IS LIKE THAT"—Just as good. Miss Etting again.

BRUNSWICK

"SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY"—*and*

"BODY AND SOUL"—Lee Sims displays technique while rejuvenating two mistreated tunes.

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A WALK"—(*Sweet and Low*). *and*

"BY SPECIAL PERMISSION"—(*The Gang's All Here*) Hal Kemp and His Orchestra. A band that knows its business. A crisp intimate style that you'll like.

VICTOR

"YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME"—*and*

"WITH ALL MY HEART"—Slick foxtrots played by The Troubadours. Paul Small makes vocal choruses interesting, and the saxophone player is another reason why you should hear the first number.

"BY MY SIDE"—Bert Lown and His Hotel Biltmore Orchestra play a charming slow foxtrot that lies in a very low register. Easy going and restful. *and*

"I'M SO AFRAID OF YOU"—Bert Lown again—with Elmer Feldkamp singing the chorus.

SHEET MUSIC

"You're Just A Lover" (*No show*)

"I've Got The Bench, I've Got The Park But I Haven't Got You" (*No show*)

"The Waltz You Saved For Me" (*No show*)

"Love Is My Master" (*No show*)

"I'm No Account Any More" (*No show*)

LIFE

Life Recommends The New Theatre Ticket Service of The Postal Telegraph Company

LIFE has closed its theatre ticket service because the campaign which Life waged for two years against ticket speculators has reached a successful conclusion. For this result the theatre-loving public in New York and all parts of the country owe their thanks to the Postal Telegraph Company.

This great organization, with hundreds of offices throughout the land, is now equipped to make for customers reservations for tickets for all New York shows at box office prices plus a nominal charge. Complete information may be had at any Postal Telegraph Office, or in New York by telephoning Bryant 9-1000.

Life heartily congratulates the Postal Telegraph Company on its initiative and public spirit, and on the present splendid efficiency of its service. We urge all our readers who are in New York or planning a visit to avail themselves of it.

SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM is new in principle and exceptionally pleasant in results. For it has two actions: A balm that smooths the razor's path. A special ingredient that replaces the oils essential to the skin.

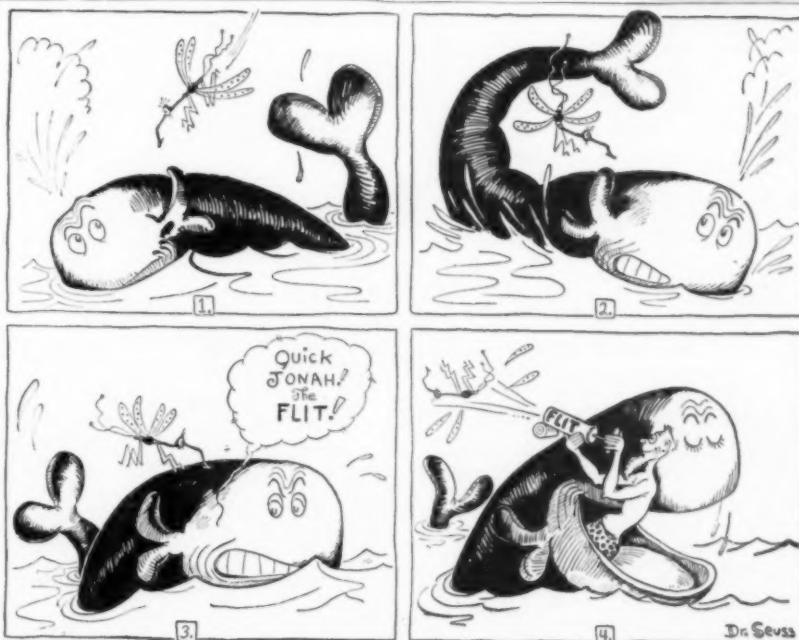
This second action keeps your face feeling well-groomed all day long. Ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10c for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.



Answers to Anagrams

On page 2

- (1) Signet.
- (2) Oblige.
- (3) Lapses.
- (4) Inspector.
- (5) Repast.
- (6) Verdant.
- (7) Avarice.





"ВЕСЕЛО!"

means

OH, SO GAY!

● Thus the dancing Russians. Also the Spaniards, the Moors, the Italians, the Greeks, the Turks and the suave Frenchmen on the smart Riviera. "Oh, so gay!"—the right motto for the

MEDITERRANEAN IN SPRING

● Fine weather; lots of sunshine; young flowers everywhere. Sail then with Raymond-Whitcomb on the "Carinthia", April 14. There never was such a cruise—because it takes in the brightest spots of the Western Mediterranean—because it is the first cruise to sail the Black Sea for the historic South Russia ports—because in Greece it visits not only Athens, but other almost mythological cities.
Rates, \$725 and up.

● The complete itinerary includes more than twenty points. If you plan a spring-and-summer visit to Europe, you will find the route entertaining and expedient. A condensed schedule of convenient points of departure follows:
Palermo—April 28 Naples—May 11 Nice—May 13 Gibraltar—May 16 Cherbourg & Southampton—May 19
(Back in New York about June 1)

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126 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

New York, 670 Fifth Avenue; New York, 225 Fifth Avenue; Boston, 165 Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1601 Walnut St.; Chicago, 176 N. Michigan Avenue; Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.
Agents in the principal cities

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Please send me your new book with particulars of your Mediterranean Spring Cruise.

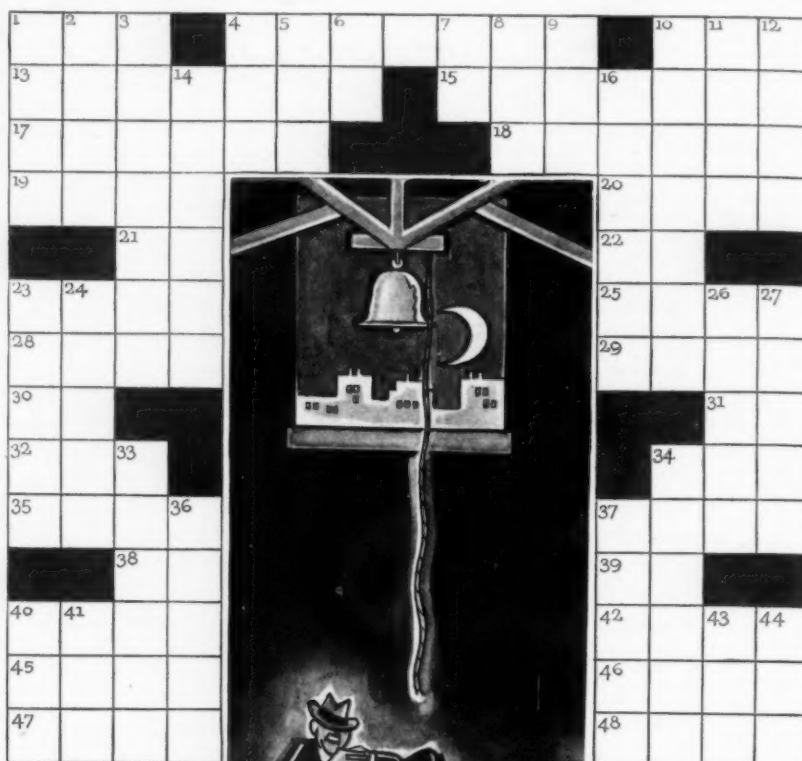
Name.....
Address.....

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 85

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than fifteen words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes April 17, 1931.



DUNKEL

ACROSS

1. Definite article.
4. This is the night.
10. This is very sheepish.
13. These are little devils.
15. You and you and you and you!
17. Charge to the account of.
18. One of our unfortunates.
19. This is no shape to be in.
20. This is often buttonholed.
21. République Française.
22. Right.
23. Satisfy the appetite.
25. You have to stake this.
28. This heads the waves.
29. Winter blanket.
30. Symbol of silver.
31. Note of the scale.
32. This is very negative.
34. Opened for dinner.
35. Get a move on.
37. Pieces of turf.
38. Sun God.
39. Exclamation.
40. This is all in the family.
42. Oh! The pity of it!
45. The answer to a maiden's prayer.
46. So. American capital.
47. This goes round the table.
48. What you do when you cross Fifth Ave.

DOWN

1. This takes you away from home.
2. Part of a harness.
3. Spanish grass.
4. How to make lace.
5. Diminutive suffix.
6. Canadian province (abbr.)
7. European country (abbr.)
8. Chop.
9. Very gobby.
10. Give promise of.
11. Dangerous curves.
12. Very pale.
14. Time to go to bed.
16. These run along the railroad tracks.
23. Over the river.
24. Slang.
26. What your wandering boy is tonight.
27. Double trouble.
33. Tedious.
34. Chinese laborer.
36. Hot stuff in the kitchen.
37. Auxiliary verb.
40. Being.
41. This is rough when it's undressed.
43. Vessel for wine.
44. This runs its own sweet way.

Stirring

TIMES



A bit of this . . . a dash of that . . . and fill your glass to the brim with Canada Dry—the Champagne of Ginger Ales. Stir it gently! Sip it slowly! And chase away your weariness and thirst at the end of a long day's work.

No other beverage mixes as well as Canada Dry. For no other beverage has the unusually fine qualities and the elusive flavor of this fine old ginger ale. It reminds you of a rare wine when you drink it—and, in fact, it is made with a skill as painstaking as that of the ancient vintners of France. You'd never think a ginger ale could taste so good.

Real Ginger Flavor

That is because of the special Canada Dry process. The chilled-amber hue, the blossom-like aroma, the wonderful taste of the Champagne of Ginger Ales . . . all these exactly tested in the making. Canada Dry has the real flavor of the Jamaica ginger root.

For years, Canada Dry have used the ultra-violet ray in treating their water. And a special process of carbonation retains the full sparkle of Canada Dry long after the bottle is opened.

Buy the Hostess Package of Canada Dry containing twelve bottles. Then you will have this Champagne of Ginger Ales always on hand.

CANADA DRY'S

SPARKLING LIME GOLDEN GINGER ALE
SPARKLING ORANGE

These three delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful.



CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The Champagne of Ginger Ales

**WANT A COLOR
COPY OF THIS
FOR FRAMING?**

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, enlarged, on heavy art paper without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and the circular top of the outside wrapper of a Listerine bottle. Address Dept. L.W.3, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.



To guard against, to treat Sore Throat *gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%*

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the *Micrococcus Catarrhalis*, associated with head colds; the dangerous *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), *Pneumococcus* (pneumonia), and the *Streptococcus Hemolyticus*, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount,

and is, at the same time, one of the most powerful germicides known when used full strength.

Within 15 seconds it kills the *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and even *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)